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Ink Flings

By

Flora Carleton Fagnani

1984

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INK FLINGS

*For Cousin Anna
with love from
the Author.*

December 1901

*If, on the fair, white page of Life
There falls a blot,
Phoebe turns it into Fortune's Jan
Upon the spot!*

INK FLINGS

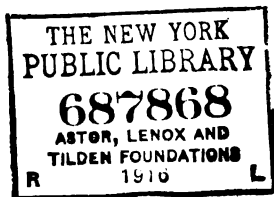
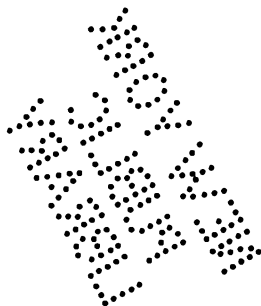
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NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
MCM I

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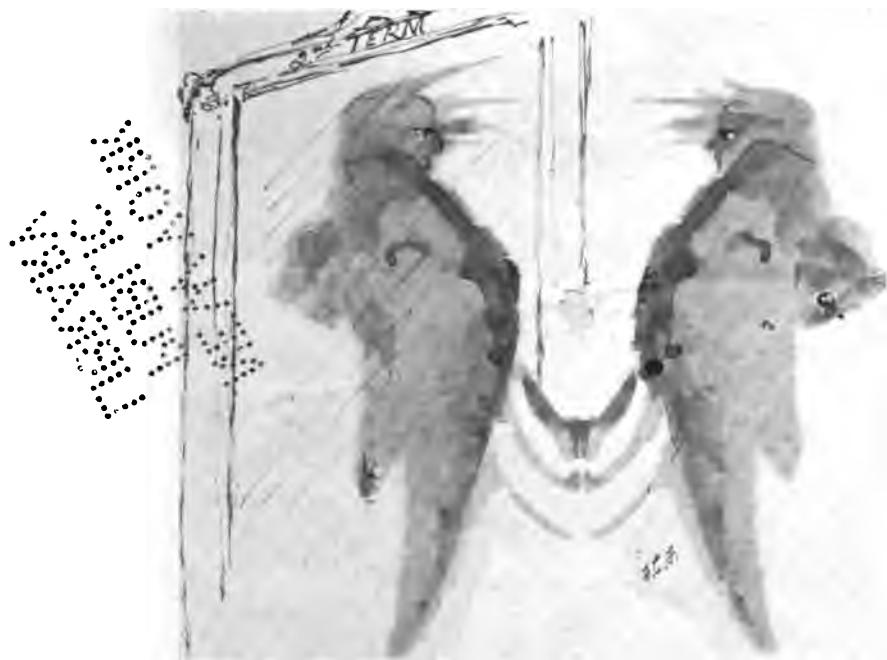
First Edition Published October, 1901



University Press, John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, U.S. A.

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THE SECOND TERM

THE Ruler of our Nation we
First Term our President;
And Second Term him Martyr—
Alas for Precedent!



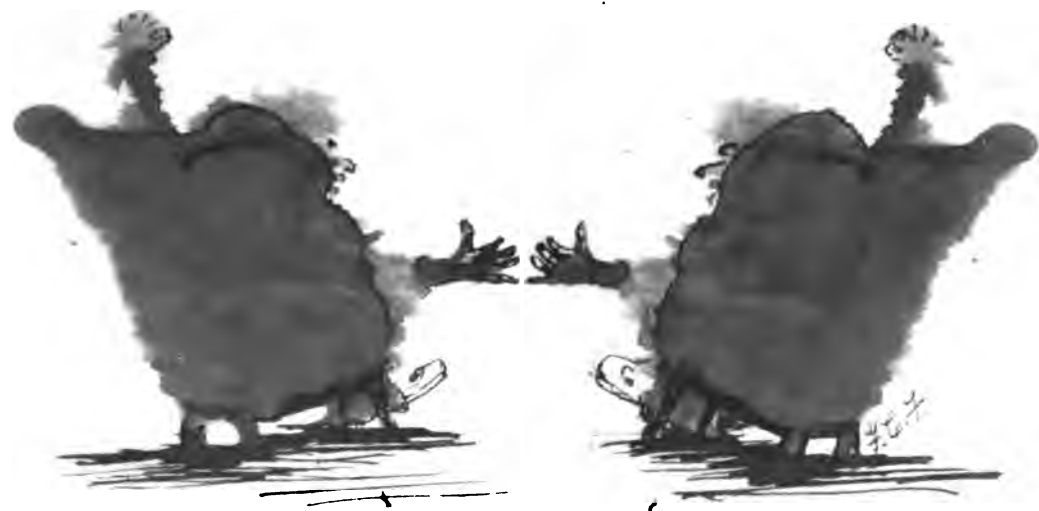
THE QUARREL

FIRST it is a word,
Then it is a gun !
The time to stop a quarrel
Is — before it is begun.



DON'T WORRY!

THE quills upon the fretful man
Are always on the rise.
To see a man turn porcupine
Is matter for surprise ;
This would not be,
Could he but see
Himself with others' eyes.



LOOK ON THIS PICTURE

OF course we never can agree
For you will not agree with Me;
Though right I've proved my side to be,
That yours is right is all you see.



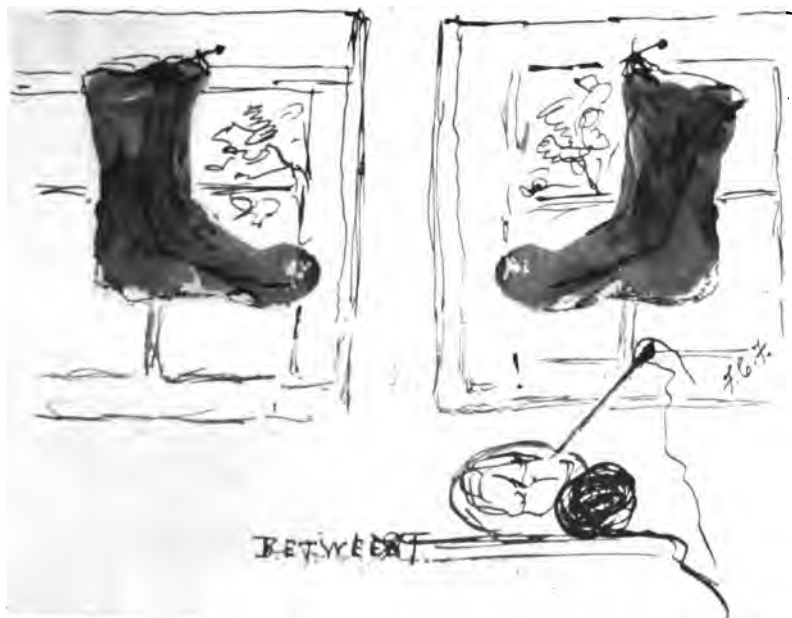
AND ON THAT!

OH we are able to agree,
For we agree
To disagree;
And thus agree-able are we!



A SECRET

THOSE lips the secret faithful long
Have kept;
And will when ages yet unborn
Have slept;
And yet,
The Sphinx is but a Woman!



BETWIXT

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

THE widower sighed,
As he mended his socks;
“I suppose I must marry
The fat widow Rox,
Although marrying does
With this old sock compare,
For I’ll ‘put my foot in it,’ sure,
When I re-pair.”



HOBBIES

HE had a brand new hobby
And he rode it to the death;
And then he got another one,
Ere you could draw your breath!



MEDDLESOME MATTY;

OR, THE LOST FINGER

I PUT it in my neighbor's pie,
And now its loss I can't supply,

O my!

And, the worst thing about it is,
My neighbor's pie no better is;

O fie!



20.4

THE PEACEMAKER

BETWEEN blades of sharp scissors
Catch finger and see
Where, 'twixt husband and wife,
A Peacemaker would be!



THE CHRONIC KICKER

A CASE of evolution complete,
The Chronic Kicker
All running to feet!



THE LOOKOUT

YOU watch out the one way,
I'll watch out another,
Only for the pleasant things
To tell each to the other.



THE CHAIR THAT FAILED

IN my parlor stood a chair,
Gilded, fragile, passing fair, —
But it is no longer there.

In that chair a man tipped back,
Ominous, I heard it crack;
Then I saw both sprawl — Alack!



SUSPICION

SUSPICION sees in every eye
Suspicion in its lair ;
Nor ever dreams it is Itself
Simply reflected there.



OTHELLO

“THE mask of Moor Othello?

Quite brainless?” Yes, the fellow

His Desdemona smothers;

And afterwards discovers

The fault to be another’s!

Still lives the Moor Othello,—

My glass reflects the fellow!



THE PHARISEE

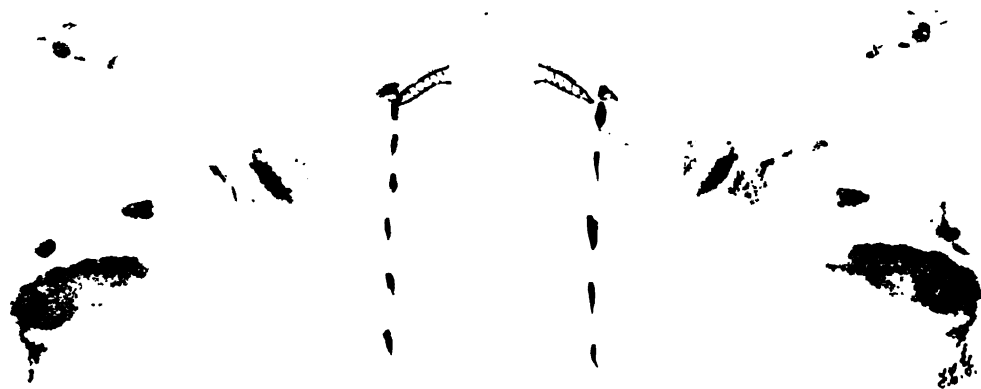
“**M**Y thanks I tender to High Heaven
I'm not like other men.”

The listening angel heard no more
But wrote, “Thank God, Amen!”



“ABOVE OTHER PEOPLE”

LESS “above other people” we’d feel,
Did we know
Just how we appear to those folks
Down below.



CROCODILE TEARS

CROCODILE tears
Fall from each eye;
How easy you sin,
And how easy you cry!
So do I!



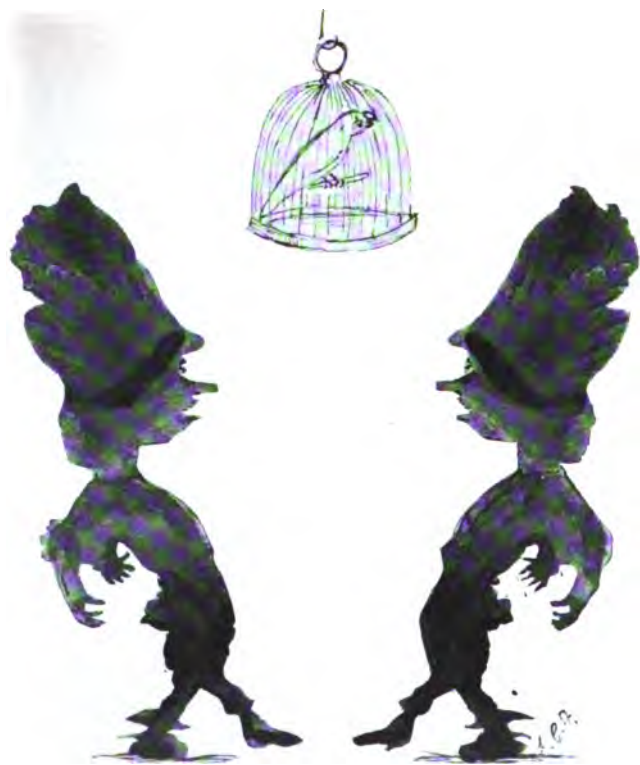
THE CONVICT

CONVICTED, here I sadly stand,
Of sinning 'gainst the law's command;
But, could I leave this place this minute,
Right quick again I'd be back in it;
For sinning has such fascination
That I can stand all but — temptation.



THE MAN OF THE HOE

THE man born to the Hoe,
Pursued by Want and Woe,
Becomes part animal part tree
That less he may feel misery.



PAT AND THE PARROT

GREEN was the Parrot,
Though agéd in sin,
But the innocent color
 (And bill) took Pat in
(To the depth of his forefinger bone!)
 Said Pat, "It's mesilf
Is the grane wan all right
Not to know that Desavin' Appearances bite!"



THE OLD IRISHMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

THERE was an old Irishman "With no taxes to pay
Lived in a shoe — I'll not have to wurruk,
"Bedad, I've no shanty And can shmoke me black pipe
What else wud I do! Like a big, bloated Turruk.

"And, being a bachelor,
Praised be the saints,
If dhrunk I come home,
There'll be no complaints."



THE RIVAL CAMERAS

LIKE rival Matadores they stand ;
The cloth flung out before,
To blind the blazing lens's eye,
Athirst for chemic gore ;
For each one longs for the same maid,
To take her for his own ;
And, though her negative each has,
All proof does each disown
That Love has no developer
To fix her heart of stone
On either of these camera-fiends
Who 'd hold-her his alone.
Ah, who could print how horribly
They snapped each other up ;
What paper could be blue enough
Their gloom to well show up ;
Nor could aught e'er intensify,
Nor time-exposure make
Of all the chemicals they used
Caricatures to take.
How out of focus each produced
Impressions blurred of each,

The feet and hands all huge, and heads
To vanished point reduced ;
While diaphragms and giant legs
Seemed Falstaff's, swelled by sack —
Till, foiled by each, each rival grew
A hypo-chondriac.
They left their precious silver plate
Coffined in wash-box state ;
Their veal-ox and their other stock
Left to deteriorate ;
And at a soda-fountain quaffed,
With suicide desire,
A fatal soda-sulphite draught ;
Mounted magnesium pyre,
And, in a flash-light, from this scene
They made their mad exits, —
A blaze, a smoke, and gone were they —
In pyro-technic fits !

The doctors made an aperture
To find the cause of death ;
And, positive, the verdict was,
" A lack of brains and breath."



BREAKERS AHEAD!

A DIRGE

BREAK, break, break,
But cold as a stone I'd be;
For I would not my tongue should
utter

The thoughts that arise in me!

O well for the gay hired-girl
That she shouts with the others
at play;

O well for her sailor-boy
That he sings, "Them that
breaks does n't pay."

So my broken china goes on
To its haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a gentler
hand;
And the sound of a voice that is
still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of the stairs, O see
Now the tender grace of patience
is dead,—
And a Cyclone parts her and me!



PRINCE NOSEY

PRINCE NOSEY, in the fairy tale,
Bewitched, had a long nose, —

“He’ll keep that nose,” the Fairy
said,

“Until he knows his nose
Is much too long ; that won’t be long,
Perhaps you may suppose ;
But, who knows courtiers, knows they
will

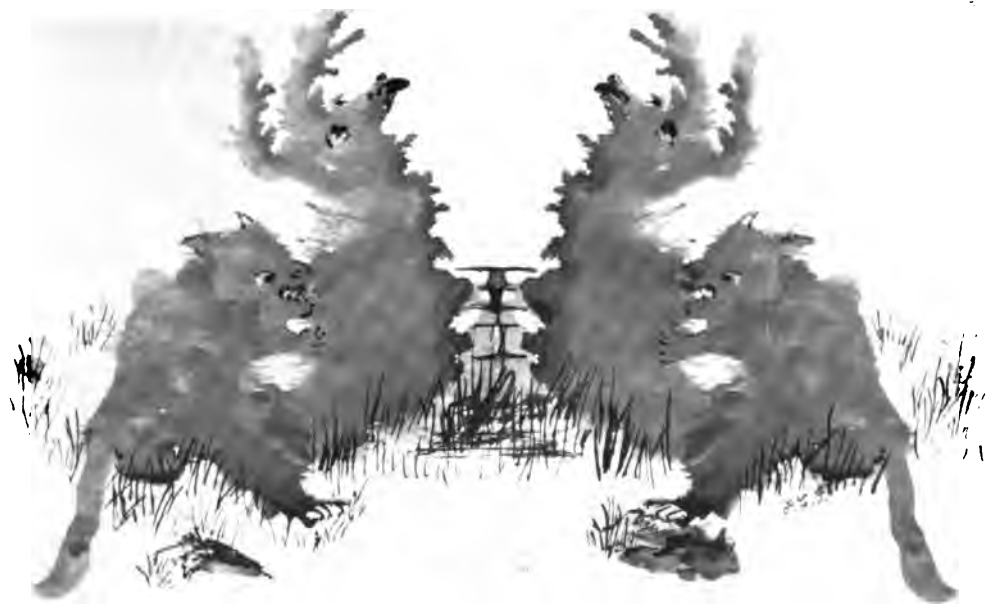
Convince him that his nose
In noses is the fairest flower
On this round earth that blows.”
’T was even so ; each day the Prince
Seemed prouder of his nose,
Till, grown a man, he wooed a maid,
But, when he did propose

To kiss her, ’tween them found,
amazed,

His nose a wall uprose!
Enraged, he tried to get around
Not maid, but his own nose.
“By my good sword!” he yelled, at
last,

“Too long is my vile nose.”
Instantly then the Fairy came —

“As everybody knows,
All faults confessed, are curable,”
She said ; “so with your nose.”
At touch of wand his nose became
A regulation nose ;
And, testing it, he kissed the maid,
Nor maid nor nose opposed !



WITHOUT PITY

IF “without pity” be the charge
Against the deer’s aggressor,
What verdict render when man is
Both Victim and Transgressor?



THE TONGUE

THEIR tongues in conclave meet to tell,
With gusto, how fair Virtue fell,
Although the Good Book warneth well
“The tongue is set on fire of ——”



FURS

TWO beings wrapped in coats of fur,—
Strange, both can spit
And both can purr!



GOSSIP

FIRST Voice — Bah! what vile odor taints the air?
Second Voice — 'Tis Gossip, let us go elsewhere.



8.6.5.

OFF HER BASE

BEHOLD a human hurricane
Of thunder, lightning, gale, and rain ;
A tidal-wave of female wrath
Which wipes mere-man
Right off her path !

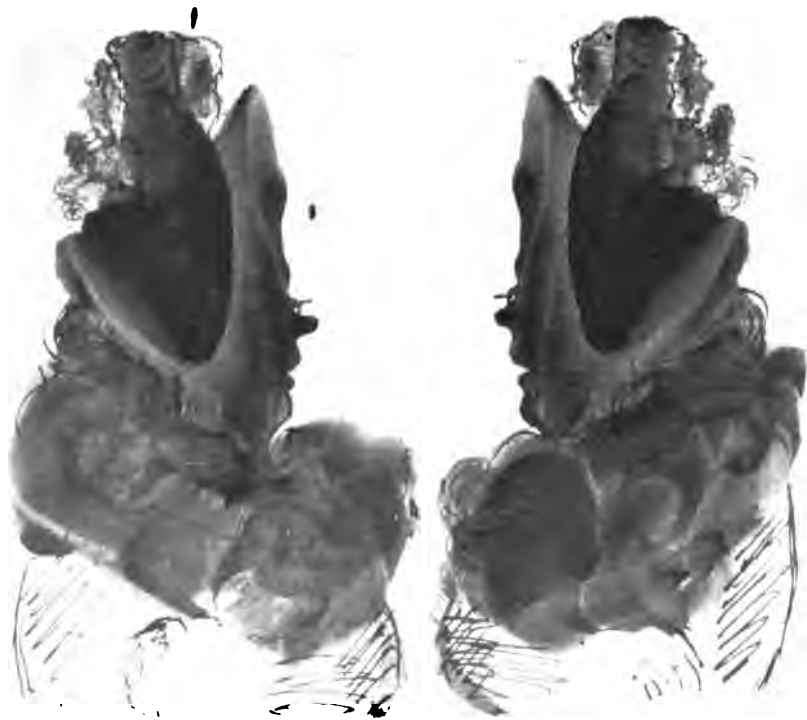


ARBITRATION

HOW now, Moss-Back!
Is n't this first-rate?

Nothing on the earth to do but vegetate,
Or hang on princely walls to be
Admired, as ornate

And interesting relics of a bygone state,
When nations did not know enough
To Ar-bi-trate!



TWINS

TO see ourselves
As others see us,
The Poet says,
From faults would free us.
Twins have this power;
Yet, did Twin ever
Improve at sight
Of Self in t'other?



BIG I

YOU egotistical, big I,
Where is my chance
When you are by?



SELF

ENCHAINED to Self!
That were an awful fate,
Were Self not able
Self to extricate.
None else can help;
Yet, paradox quite plain,
'Tis others who shall Self
Free from its chain;
For Self, for others' sake,
Breaks chains of Self,
And, blessing others,
Blesses most Itself.



DOING THINGS "BY HALVES"

HALF doing things is up-hill work,—
A Sisyphus-like plan,
Invented and attempted
By "only half a man."



TRY IT!

“**U**NLOVED because unknown ”
Is motto sweet as true.

If you don't fancy people,
Perhaps it is that you
Have never really seen them
From the right point of view!

This picture just illustrates
What change of view can do.



THE MAN AND HIS SHELL

THE result's here depicted
Exceedingly well
Of the man who lived always
Shut up in his Shell.



"I WOULD I WERE A BIRD"

"**I** WOULD I were a Bird" she sang,
And straightway every one
Who heard her, said within himself,
"I would I were a gun!"



WHAT IS IT?

WHAT is it men and women all
despise,
Yet, one and all of them do highly prize?
Which money buys not, and yet, strange
to say,
The veriest tramp will sometimes cast
away;
Which kings possess not, tho' convinced
am I,
For that sweet luxury they often sigh;
Which no one has until long time he
keeps;
Which Comfort toasts, and Famine
greedy eats;
Which farmers use upon their growing
corn;
Which merchants, bankers, statesmen
use at home,
Those fireside angels, that in humble state
"Serve also when they only stand and
wait;"
Which, spurned as worthless by a
humble friend,
We seize rejoicing that our troubles end;

But, rashly mounted by us upside down,
Fair, fickle Fortune turns her smile to
frown;
Presence unseen, pervading the sick-
room,
Silent, yet welcome as Spring's early
bloom;
Which tracks the drunkard down his
stumbling way;
Follows the maiden on her nuptial day
Hovers above us in our earliest youth,
Nor for our crying spares well-earned
reproof;
Dear tiny things, oft wet with Mother's
tears;
Great, liberal souls that broaden with
the years;
All-holy things that evermore we wear;
Sacred and hidden from the world's
rude stare;
Yet wrecked at last, poor derelicts for-
lorn,
Unwept, unknelled, uncoffined, and un-
known!



MY LORD NICOTINE

PERHAPS in the future, —
Elysian, remote —

The Health Board may post up
In car, air-ship, or boat,
“\$500 Fine, take Note!
For the smoker who does not
Consume his own smoke.”



HAZING

A PRACTICAL joke
Is seldom quite nice;
What's fun to the Cat
Is death to the Mice.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE

AN empty Shell
On Ocean shore ;
I listen at its open door,
Within still echoes
Neptune's snore.



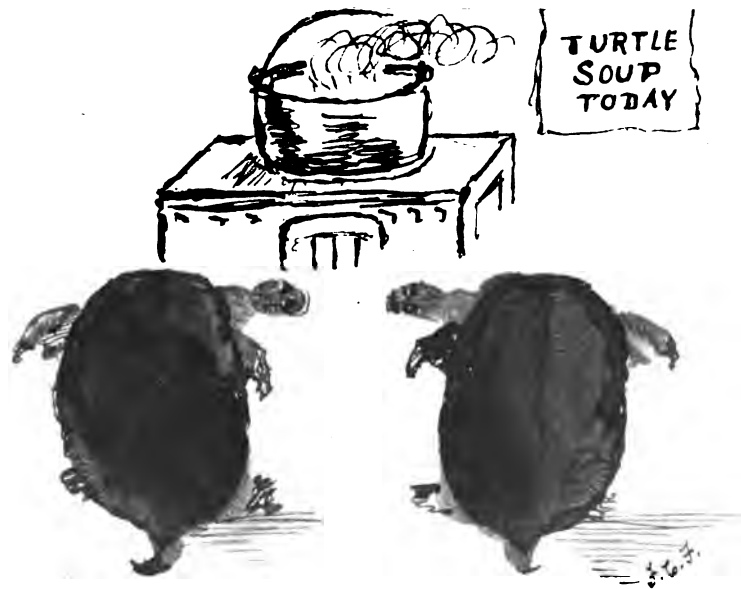
THE IRISH-POTATO FAMILY

THE Irish-Potatoes
Are a family wise,
Who success make of life
By the use of their eyes.
Although from the sod
They had their beginnings;
From the soil they get rich,
For all's made at "the diggin's."
And, by Fortune's pot-luck,
Either "Early," or "Late,"
They always appear
At the boards of the Great!



THE WILLING MIND

WHEN to the load
A willing mind we lend,
The load seems light,
Although the body bend.



NOBLESSE OBLIGE

THE acme of gentility
Is, in the greatest stress,
Not to forget one's manners,
And keep the mind full-dress !



THE STAGE

WHY do so many
Turn actor to-day?
Oh it's nice to be Somebody
Even in play!



“ADVERTISING THE LIFE OF TRADE”

THE Woman's College of Spotless Town
Decided the question, in cap and gown,
That as gentlemen men can't expect to rate
Who in the street cars do expectorate.
But the men said, "Now really, we do it, you know,
To encourage the use of Sapolio."



SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS

THE Seven-league Boots of the fairy tale
Are now made of iron, and run on a rail.

Prophetic are the fairy tales;
All that we have to do,
Is trust to Fairy Science
To make their wonders true.



CAUSE AND EFFECT

TO the advertised sales
She always was running,
Till a great hand she grew
At bargain-day hunting.



—

—



BARGAINS

DOST think that in a bargain
The buyer oft can get
A better thing than paid for?
If so thou dost forget
The merchant doth not pose to be
Philanthropist, and so 'tis he
Will sometimes get the best of thee,
And a style of glove
Like that above
Thy "bargain" prove to be!



STRETCH YOURSELF

IF you want to help
Another,
Stretch yourself to do it,
Brother!



LAW AND LOVE

LAW — Come, you bad Boy ; get a lickin' !

LOVE — Come, dear Boy, and get forgiven.



6



DEFIANT!

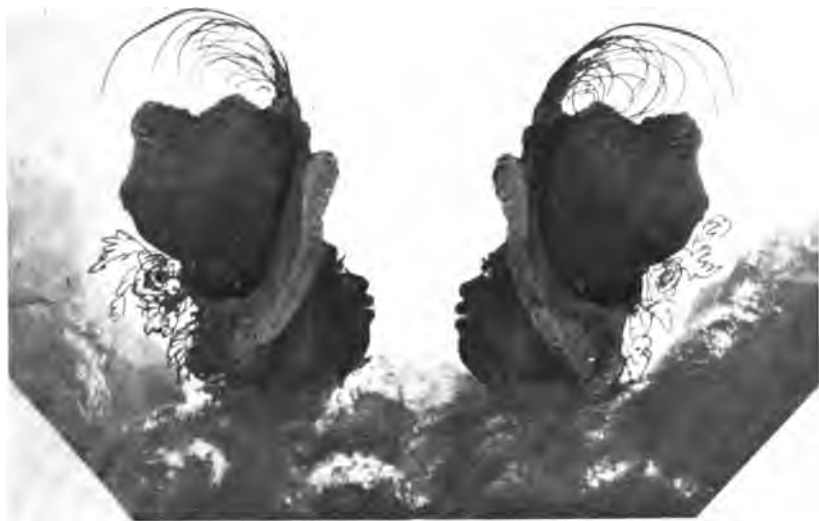
WHEN people seem defiant,
Or cross, or sulky either;
Perhaps they are unhappy;
Or may be 'tis their liver;
Or else they have been naughty,
And their Conscience proves them faulty —
So, get the Cloak of Charity,
And wrap it round us all!



LOGICAL

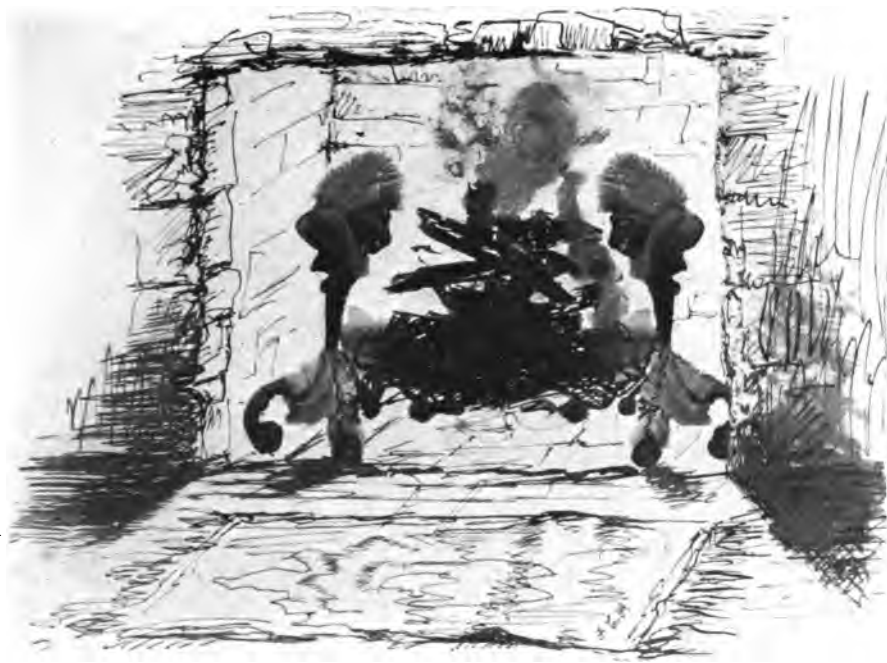
HOW can you overwork
A willing horse?

Because it is the only horse
That can be overworked,
Of course!



IDEALS

IDEALS fulfilled
Not always can, like This,
Uplift their Votarjes
To Heaven of bliss!



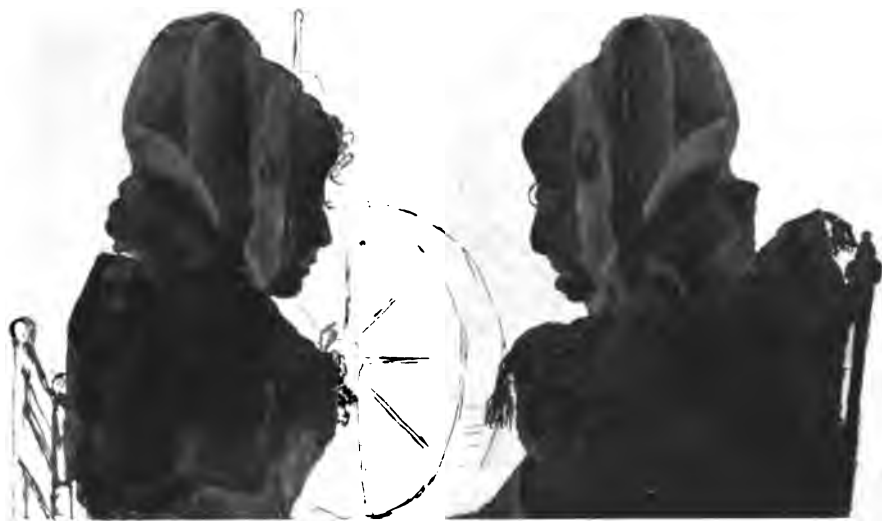
THE ANDIRONS

FIRST ANDIRON

WITH light pine-wood the fire start,
And by and by 't will glow at heart.

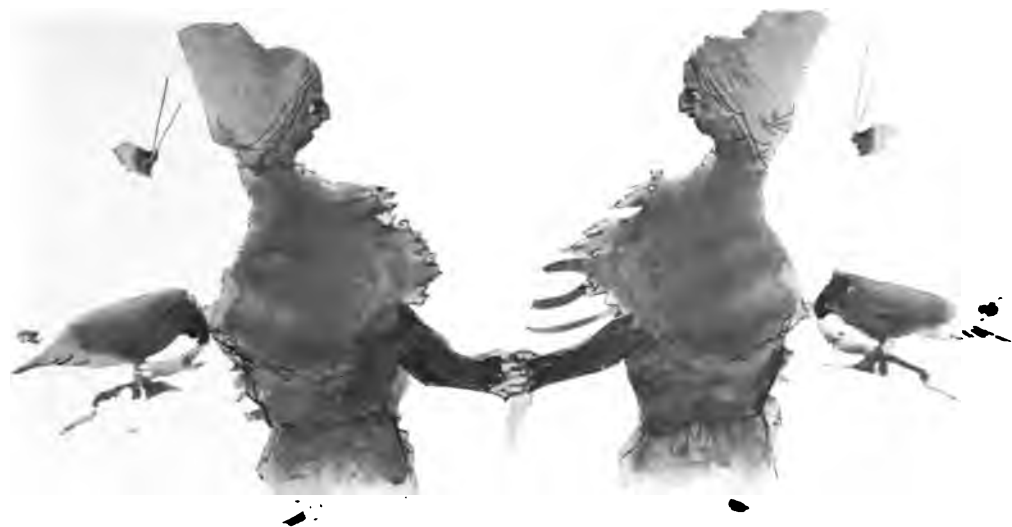
SECOND ANDIRON

With common-sense folks build a fire,
And act like fools in interests higher.



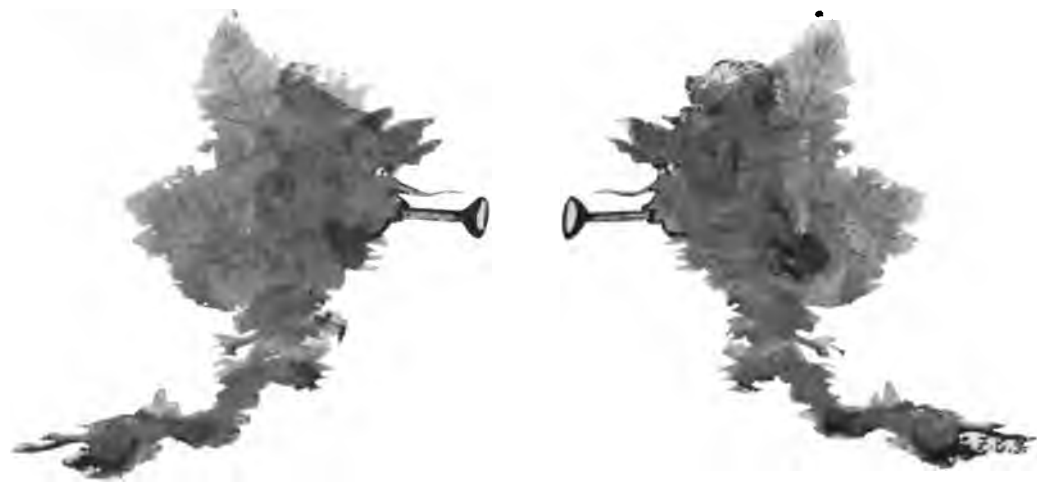
EIGHTEEN — EIGHTY-ONE

CAN Eighteen believe
These two persons are one?
Never, till Eighteen
Becomes Eighty-one.



AULD ACQUAINTANCE

AT sight of you,
My girlhood's friend,
The lovely past comes back
With pain —
My mirror never spoke so plain —
"You never can be young again."



AN ECHO

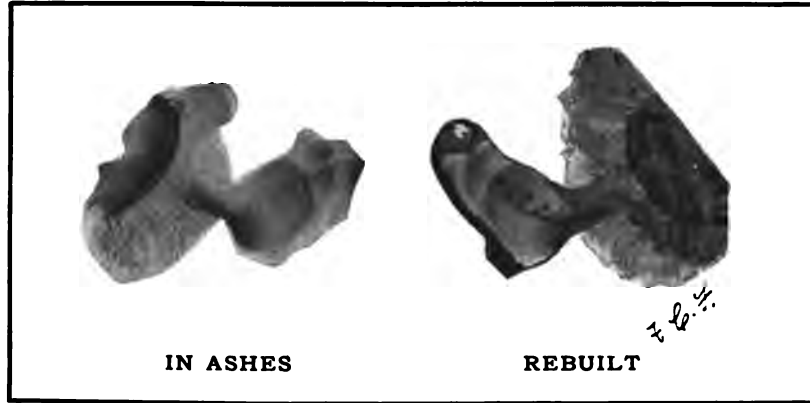
AN Echo is a Slave!
Although he disapprove,
He never can say "No"
Till other folks say so.



AT THE DENTIST'S

ALL sorts and conditions of teeth
Met at the dentist's that day;
But the dentist he looked
All "down in the mouth"
As he savagely worked away.
He bored and he filed,
And, with hammer and saw,
The nerves of his victim he riled;
Then finished him up
On the wild-flying wheel,
That left him as weak as a child!

EXAMPLE OF HOW IT IS DONE



CHICAGO AND OUTSKIRTS

CHICAGO

HAIL! Lady Phœnix of the Western Plain,
Who from thine ashes rose superb again;
Thy Daughters, emulating thy great feat sublime,
Leave mighty footprints on the sands of Time.

HOW IT IS DONE

A SPLASH of ink,*
A folded leaf

A pressure quick,

A glance as brief;

Then, if by the light of Fancy's bright eye,

You see something in it, just leave it to dry.

When, with pen, inky-finger, and pen-knife be bold,

Anyway to develop the thing you behold.

Append a description, — nonsensical, clever,

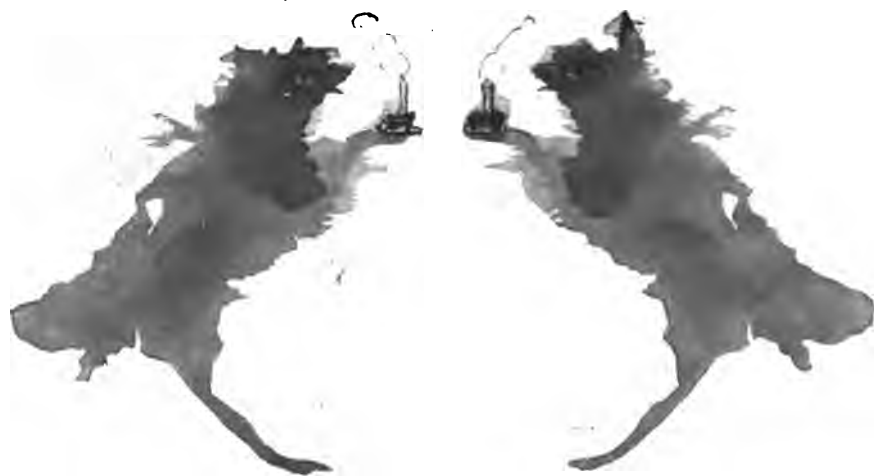
Quotation, or verse, good, indifferent, or worse.

No need to be artist, no need to be poet

To find there is fun in this thing, so just



* Stir into the inkstand of common ink a few drops of Thaddeus Davis's Letterine ink



GOOD NIGHT



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taken from the Building**

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